

1609/5498.

A  
LETTER,

ADDRESSED TO  
THE REV. R. POLWHELE,  
VICAR OF MANACCAN.

To which is subjoined,

AN APPENDIX,

CONTAINING  
*MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS,*  
ON THE  
IGNORANCE, ARROGANCE, AND SCURRILITY  
OF THE  
*ANTI-JACOBIN REVIEWERS.*

BY  
UNUS SOLUS.

"FEWNESS AND TRUTH."

*Bristol*

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## A LETTER, &c.

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REVEREND SIR,

AS you sometimes moralize with Epictetus, it is not improbable that you may sometimes dramatize with Shakespear. If you do, you will not be at a loss to discover the origin of the motto which stands in the title page; and which I shall endeavour to keep before me, as the object of my attention, in the address which I now proceed to direct to you.

My purpose in writing to you, is not to defend Dr. Hawker; for, in his contest with you, he is "himself an host." It is not to defend his doctrines; for, if they never sustain a more formidable attack than yours, their safety will never be endangered.\* It is not to argue the

\* Εἴθ' ὅν ἡ τύχη καὶ τὸ δαίμονιον φίλον μὲν ἀλυσσιτελῆ, συμφέροντα  
καὶ ἰχθρὸν ἰμφάνει, τῶτον ἡμῖς φοβέμεθα; μηδαμῶς.

DEMOSTHENES. Orat. de Classibus.

B

merits

merits of Calvinism or Arminianism; wiser heads than mine, and cooler heads than yours, have furnished the world with all that can be said, and sometimes more than needed to have been said, on these exhausted topics. It is not to tell you that I ever reviewed any of your works; for, in truth, with all my waste of time, this mode of dissipating it, is one which I never did, and I hope never shall fall into. But, Sir, it is to tell you a few plain solemn truths, in a calm and serious manner. Yes, Sir, in a *serious* manner: and, therefore, if you expect amusement and mirth, shut up the book when you are arrived thus far, for you will find yourself disappointed if you go on.

If I was engaged in compiling a chronological table, I should deem it worthy of record, nay, almost of being assumed as an æra in history; that at the close of the eighteenth century, a Christian Minister, uncalled and unprovoked, stood forward to the world, to hold up to the ridicule of the unbelieving, the ungodly, and the unfeeling, two persons that bore the sacred office of ambassadors of Jehovah, "Priests of the most High God." Yes, Sir, *two* persons: *one of them* is the subject of your late two letters; and if you wish to find

the



*the other*, you may look for him in his study at Manaccan. It is true, the last unfortunate gentleman has become ridiculous, not through your design, but your fault:\* and as there is some reason why his reputation should be dear to you, I beg leave to solicit you, in his behalf, to be more watchful how you expose him so wretchedly in future.

Allow me, Sir, to suggest to you an admonition, of which you stand in extreme need. When you again prepare for the press any observations addressed to a Clergyman, on any topic at all connected with religion, endeavour to sober your mind, and chastise your fancy, by keeping your Bible at your elbow, and now and then reading a verse. It will be of admirable use in checking the scurrility of your wit: and if you should happen to turn to the Epistles of St. Paul to Timothy or Titus, you will find a safe model of that stile and spirit in which Christian Ministers should address one another. It is to the neglect of some such corrective, that I believe we must ascribe the admission of those passages into your letters, in which the bounds of decorum and charity have been transgressed; and in

\* Αἰσχύνῃ αἰσχίω μετὰ ἀνοίας ἡ τύχης προσλαβὴν.

THUCYDIDES.

which even the sacred limits of truth have not escaped violation. You must also permit me to remonstrate against the use which you have made of your talents for jocularly. Would you confine your exercise of them to the enlivening your family fire-side, or even to the exhilarating the dullness of visitation dinners, you might escape censure;\* but when you scatter your farcical jests among your theological speculations, and even indulge yourself in ironical sporting with the doctrine and language of Scripture, we turn in disgust from the nauseating exhibition; and question, whether the History of the most corrupt age of the Church can parallel the character which you display, of a Joe Miller in Canonicals.

After exposing the irreligiousness of your mirth, it might appear needless to dissuade you from the exercise of it, by any other considerations. But judging your disposition from your writings, I conceive your mind may be

\* Mr. P. *might* escape: I do not say that he certainly *would*. Nay, he certainly would not; if, among his associates, there was any one who entertained the sentiment of Sophocles;

..... καὶ μὲν γὰρ ἀσχεῖον κλέειν

Ἄνδρες ματαίᾳ φλαυτῇ ἔπη μυθεύμεν.

or who sympathized with St. Paul in his dislike of "foolish talking and jesting;" and in his partiality to that species of conversation, which "ministers grace unto the hearers."

more

more accessible to motives of a lower nature. I would therefore endeavour to repress this your propensity to the ludicrous, by assuring you, that in your mode of practising it, it violates sound taste, as much as it does true religion.\* It makes a *medley* of your page, whose incoherence and contra<sup>d</sup> are as little characteristic of propriety of stile, as the coat of an

\* I might remonstrate with Mr. Polwhele, on his having, in this instance, forgotten (if indeed he ever learned) the manners of the gentleman. But, really, the Anti-Christian feature of his letters is so prominent, as almost to obumbrate every lesser deformity.

I cannot help remarking, that on the subject of Mr. Polwhele's change of sentiment towards Dr. Hawker; exemplified in the difference of stile displayed in his late letter, and in that which he wrote to the Doctor some few years ago; only one opinion is entertained by the impartial readers of this controversy. When Mr. P. wrote to Dr. H. the complimentary epistle, wherein he informed him how he had praised his Sermons, and what obligations the Doctor was under to his kindness, Mr. P. had some certain folio and quarto volumes to dispose of, which meeting with a heavy sale, he wished to get a few sets off his hands, by coaxing the Doctor to become the vender of them. Had the Doctor been a rhymster, a reviewer, a jester, or indeed any thing else than a conscientious diligent parochial Minister, he might have wasted a little time in running about after customers for the ponderous History, and Historical Views, consigned to his disposal. This was not the case;—Mr. P. therefore, finding he could make no further use of the Doctor, as a retail dealer in dull publications, determined to try if he could not *force* the Doctor to become subservient to his interest as a writer, by publishing a letter, whose only chance of sale arose from its being addressed to a distinguished character, and from its being calculated to feed the prevalent appetite of mankind for calumny and ridicule.

Harlequin

Harlequin or a Merry-Andrew is of elegance and gentility of attire. I am afraid you deceive yourself in your estimation of the effect of your attempts at humour. You are not aware, that what you intend for a smile, gives you the aspect of the laughing hyæna; and, that the gambols, which you design should exhibit your sportiveness and agility, bear a striking resemblance to the motions of a certain animal, whom I have seen led through our streets; whose dancing, in spite of all his own exertions and the well-enforced tuition of his leader, remained unnatural, ungraceful, and disgusting.

Allow me, Sir, to lead your attention to a subject, on which, as I have felt deeply for you, I shall remonstrate freely with you. During the last six or seven years, when I have heard of your multiplied literary publications, and your abstruse antiquarian researches; I have often been impelled to ask,—Can this man possibly recollect that he is a Minister of the Gospel? And really, Sir, the question might well be asked. I know the engrossing tendency of such pursuits as yours; and I can estimate the rapacity with which these “thieves of time” exercise their depredations on our hours, our thoughts, and our regards. If these pursuits



pursuits occupy a place in the attention of a Christian Minister, it ought to be a very subordinate one: strictly subordinate, and in entire subjection to that grand business, to which his time and talents should unreservedly be devoted, the conversion and salvation of sinners. Had you employed that time in searching the Scriptures, and in prayer, which you have dedicated with so much prodigality to literary pursuits; you would have learned such lessons, and acquired such tempers, as would utterly have prevented you from writing the two letters which you have addressed to Dr. Hawker; and thereby the friends of Christianity would have been spared the shame which you have compelled them to feel for you; and its enemies would have been deprived of the triumph and exultation with which your conduct has furnished them. Depend upon it, Sir, whatever advantage you have derived from Bifche's Art of Poetry, or Prince's Worthies of Devon; you might have gained much more from the Gospel. Let me advise you to study it:

*"Nocturna versate manu, versate diurna."*

The Evangelists have a better claim on your attention than the Muses; and will far more richly



richly reward it. When St. Paul said to Timothy, "Meditate on these things, give thyself *wholly* to them:" what things do you suppose he meant? I apprehend, neither provincial antiquities, nor rhymes, nor reviews, nor "religious jest-books."\* Perhaps you may reply, "What is St. Paul's charge, in this instance, to me? I am not Titus."—True, Sir, I allow you are not: but, I wish you were. Though your *persons* are not identified, your *professions* are: and, generally speaking, what was *his* duty, is *yours*.

When the wisdom of our Ecclesiastical Governors, in former times, enacted the several prohibitions, which restrain the clergy from engaging in secular traffic; they evidently intended to secure the teachers of religion from being embarrassed by any concerns foreign to the grand purposes of their holy function. Among the occupations which the spirit of their laws has interdicted, one is unfortunately omitted, that of *authorship*, or *book-making*. I can only account for the omission, by sup-

\* To these jest-books of Mr. P's. how applicable is the observation of the Poet:

LUDUS enim genuit trepidum certamen, et iram;

Ira truces inimicitias, et funebre bellum.

HOR. Ep. xix. l. 48.

posing,

posing, that they took it for granted, that if a priest did write, print, and publish, it would be on subjects connected with those religious doctrines which he was appointed to explain and inculcate. If this was their persuasion, I admire their charity; and I leave it to you to impeach their foresight. For my own part, I do not hesitate to declare my full confidence, that the duties of a Parochial Minister are in as much danger of interruption and suspension from an *ardent* attachment to Belles Lettres and worldly science, as from the exercise of a mechanical trade, or a commercial speculation. I commit and commend these sentiments to your candid and conscientious examination: I am sure your understanding will discern their justice; and I hope your integrity will prompt you to acknowledge it.

I now beg leave to introduce an expostulation on behalf of Archdeacon Paley; towards whom you have acted with such left-handed friendship, as to render it very questionable, whether you can make your peace with him, by persuading him to take the kindness of your *will* as a palliation of the injuriousness of your *deed*. The Archdeacon had evidently fallen into an unfortunate mistake, on the subject of subscription. What "the clergy of the Dean-

“ery of Kerrier” thought of his sentiments on this subject, I presume not to surmise: but this I am convinced of, that ninety-nine hundredths of the clergy, and laity too, in this kingdom, would pronounce the Archdeacon’s opinions to be most lax and erroneous. It is remarkable, that out of the Archdeacon’s work, you have selected, with singular infelicity, the very worst passage that can possibly be found in it;—a passage containing sentiments notoriously inaccurate; which sentiments you produce, not only to corroborate them by your adoption, but to distort their meaning still wider from truth, by subjoining four words as an explanatory addition. But, Sir, on this subject I have another observation to make: you pronounce, that every man who is not satisfied with what Archdeacon Paley has said in this case, must be either an enthusiast or a hypocrite. Now, Sir, be so good as to point out, with which of these two appellations we are to compliment Dr. Croft: for, Sir, Dr. Croft is *not satisfied* with Archdeacon Paley’s explanations. When you are at leisure, pray turn this in your mind: for, as a friend and admirer of Dr. Croft’s learning and abilities, I am a little anxious to know with which of these

these gentle denominations you will condescend to favour him.

I have already hinted at your explanatory addition to Archdeacon Paley's declaration: I must again recur to this subject. The Archdeacon, after enumerating "Abettors of Popery, Anabaptists, and Puritans," says "These three denominations of persons ought not to subscribe the thirty-nine Articles."—Here the Archdeacon ends; and you (either by way of rounding the period, or caricaturing his sentiment) subjoin "*but all others may.*" Your modest expansion of the Archdeacon's opinion has given occasion to Dr. Hawker to remark, that if this be true, an Arian or Socinian might sign the *first* Article. I beg leave to add, that upon this principle of yours, *an Infidel may subscribe the whole thirty-nine.* Unless you are better qualified "rightly to divide the word of truth," than you are to define maxims of ecclesiastical polity, I would recommend you to suspend your theological and other controversies: at least do not resume them, till by studying the first six books of Euclid, and Duncan's Logic, you attain a clearer conception of ideas, and a more accurate mode of expressing them.



You charge Dr. Hawker with "contending for the literal construction of the Articles." And, what construction should he contend for? a metaphorical one? I apprehend, Sir, that you will find, that the declaration prefixed to the Articles pronounces and insists, that they shall be taken in the *literal* and grammatical sense. Had the Articles been composed by Ossian, in a fit of poetic frenzy, there might have been some ground for your objection to their literal acceptance. As this was not the case, I must pay a tribute of admiration to the ease with which you conceive objections, and the temerity with which you introduce them to notice. But among all the circumstances that have ever excited my astonishment, I can recollect no one so whimsically absurd, as your endeavour to convict Dr. Hawker of being a transubstantialist: an attempt more childishly trifling, or more offensively ridiculous, I believe never was projected. I really know not how to account for the appearance of this passage in your letter; but by supposing that some one of the friends that stood at your elbow during your writing, suggested this paragraph, in order to try how readily you would accept a hint, and how blindly you would adopt it.

In



In your second letter to Dr. Hawker, you say, "for the meaning of Regeneration, I refer you to Archbishop Secker, Dr. Ibbot, Dr. Clarke, Mr. Peters, &c. &c." Now, Sir, as you have not told us who these gentlemen are, whom you describe by the odd title &c. &c. I forbear to exercise any conjecture. This may be a *new* mode of quoting authorities; I am sure it is a very *convenient* one; for it renders an author's references compleatly unanswerable, and secures them from any detection of inaccuracy. I confess, that when I first read this reference to these self-same &c. &c. I thought that you might include in this vague and very comprehensive denomination our learned Hopkins, (who has written very largely on this subject) or Pearson, or Bishop Taylor, or some of our venerable reformers. But this notion I was speedily compelled to resign; for I found that it was impossible that you could intend to refer to any of these Divines; since, on the subject of Regeneration, their opinions and yours bear not a shadow of resemblance.

Your appeal to Dr. Clarke, for the orthodox doctrine of Regeneration, is just as unfortunate as your reference to Archdeacon Paley on the subject of Subscription. Perhaps, Sir, you  
may

may be yet to learn, that Dr. Clarke was deemed by most of his contemporaries to be a Socinian;\* and since his death he has never ranked higher, in the estimation of any sound Churchman, than an Arian. When, therefore, we hear a *boasted* Trinitarian appealing to Dr. Clarke, as the model of his religious faith,† we must either suspect that he never read his works; or, if he ever did read them, that he had not the penetration to discover their character and tendency.

From your quotation of Bishop Warburton, in your title-page‡; and from what you have added, to the same effect, in the body of your letter, on the subject of administering holy

\* “A Book written by Dr. Samuel Clarke, *in favor of Socinianism*, “was strictly reprehended.”—See A History of England, in a Series of Letters from a Nobleman to his Son. Vol. 2. Page 126.

† It is impossible, that an Arian should hold, what *genuine* Trinitarians esteem the orthodox doctrine of Regeneration: for it is the essence of his creed, to cut up this doctrine by the roots.

‡ Here is another instance of Mr. P.’s unfortunate knack at awkward quotations. Poor Bishop Warburton wrote many wise sentences; but here it seems, he had fallen into a passion; and like most passionate men, he dropt a hasty, and unjustifiable assertion.

“A friend should *hide* his friend’s infirmities:”

But Mr. Polwhele, instead of letting the Bishop’s unguarded folly sink into oblivion; singles it out, and drags it forth to light.—We have heard much of the misfortunes that attend authors; but the greatest that I can conceive any one to suffer, is that of being quoted by Mr. Polwhele.

offices

offices at what you call unseasonable hours; it appears, that you would make your readers believe, that Dr. Hawker, by opening his church on Sunday evenings for performance of Divine service, is guilty of an irregular act, which has no countenance from the practice of any of his clerical brethren. If you can impress this idea on your fellow sojourners in that obscure corner of Cornwall, which you inhabit; you may: but believe me, Sir, the public at large are not to be so imposed upon. They have eyes, and ears, and recollection, in as much perfection, as the poets, the reviewers, or the compilers of religious jest books; and by exercising these their faculties, they learn, that Dr. Hawker, far from being singular in this instance, has many (God grant he may have more) coadjutors in this admirable scheme, of providing proper and edifying employment for their parishioners, on the evening of the Sabbath. I am very desirous of pointing out to your notice (though I fear it is useless to recommend to your imitation) two respectable Clergymen of Bath\*; who officiate every Sunday, in the Free Church in that City, at what you call "unseasonable and uncanonical hours."—I shall expect soon to hear, that

\* The Rev. Mr. Daubeny, and the Rev. Mr. Smith.

in the impartiality of your zeal against all who labour more than yourself, you have attacked these exemplary Ministers; and called them "factious persons, turners of Churches into "Conventicles," &c. Pray, do not spare them. Although they are endeared to every man, that has a heart to esteem and acknowledge worth, by their nobly disinterested and gratuitous performance of the service of this Church; yet, that need not prevent you from abusing them: on the contrary, if we may judge from past facts, a circumstance like this constitutes the very best qualification for their becoming the subjects of Mr. Polwhele's ridicule and invective. But I hasten to take my leave of you. Yet ere I withdraw myself from your notice, let me present you with a few words of advice. Be persuaded to read more, and write less: and among the favoured subjects of your study, let the Bible stand first and foremost.\* And then, in the course of a few years, you may be qualified to encounter Dr. Hawker on better terms. At present he has too much the advantage in Scriptural knowledge, to allow you any chance of success. The time which

\* ..... Petite hinc juvenesque senesque  
Finem animo certum, miserisque viatica canis.

PERSIUS, Sat. v.

you



you have spent in courting the Muses, and hunting for provincial Anecdotes and rusty relics, he has devoted to the constant study of the Word of God, and an attentive observation of human nature, in those scenes of sickness and dissolution where the science of the heart may be most advantageously acquired. "Go and do likewise." Let it be your daily and hourly care, to watch over the spiritual concerns of those among whom you minister; "remembering the solemn account which you must one day give before the judgment-seat of Jesus Christ," of every talent committed to your trust; and, especially, of the commission which you bear, of the "ministry of reconciliation." I would that this consideration might prevail with you. But, if that be a lost hope; if you persist in vilifying that worth, which excites your envy, while it fails to prompt your emulation; if you continue to administer food to the "broad mirth of unfeeling folly," by your farcical productions, some few may laugh *with* you; but I fear the generality of mankind will laugh *at* you. In the mean time, the friends of humanity will weep over your disgrace; and the Christian will find exercise for his charity, in praying for your amendment.—I am,

Reverend Sir,

&c. &c. &c.





## APPENDIX.

### MISCELLANEOUS REMARKS ON THE IGNORANCE, ARROGANCE, AND SCURRILITY OF THE ANTI- JACOBIN REVIEWERS.

Τὰ μὲν ἐλέγχων, τὰ δὲ, φυλάσσω, τὰ δὲ, καὶ διδάσκων. μάλιστα  
γὰρ δοκῶ ἂν μοι οὕτως ἀποτρέπειν τῆς κακουργίας.

THUCYDIDES.

**I** Make no apology, for annexing the following observations, on the conduct of the managers of the Anti-Jacobin review, to the foregoing letter to Mr. Polwhele. His convenient and intimate connection with these persons is unquestioned. I wish it was as creditable to both parties, as it is evident to the world.

When first the above-mentioned Review was announced, very sanguine expectations were entertained, of the support which it might be instrumental in affording to the cause of loyalty, religion, and impartial criticism. The Anti-Jacobin *Examiner* had attained a very honourable eminence in the scale of public esteem. From the coincidence of the title,

many persons imagined, that some of the contributors to this *newspaper* were concerned in the publication of the *Anti-Jacobin Review*. In this point, however, they were soon undeceived. The utter disparity of merit in the two publications, incontestibly proved the diversity of their conductors.\* From that period, the evidence of this fact has been receiving a monthly corroboration: and so completely have the eyes of the public been opened to the poverty of this publication; that I am informed the booksellers are continually receiving directions from their customers to discontinue the purchase of it. A friend of mine, being lately in Bath, and wishing to shew to a companion a very ridiculous article in the *Review* for the preceding month, enquired among his acquaintance, if any one could furnish him with it. In spite of his utmost assiduity, and a very extensive search, he remained

\* The *Anti-Jacobin Reviewers* have more than once assured their readers, that they had no connection with the contributors to the *Examiner*. They really might have spared themselves this trouble. The discernment of the public rendered this an act of supererogation. These *Reviewers*, by declining the examination of all works which it required any depth of learning to criticise, and by the blundering report which they gave of many of the works which they have ventured to criticise, have long made it impossible for any man in his senses to suspect, that any writer, possessed of cultivated talents, was concerned in the supply of this journal.

unsuc-

unsuccessful. At length he thought of having recourse to some of the public libraries and reading rooms.—There it had long been proscribed.—This result of his researches led him to a discovery of the general sentiment entertained of this Review; and he observed, that the opinions of several persons of learning and judgment coincided in characterizing it, as seldom rising above stupidity, except when it aspired to scurrility.

This remark brings me to the point, which I contemplated, in taking up my pen to discuss some of the demerits of this Review. I remember, in one of the early numbers, the conductors of it hinted their having been charged with “foul calumny;” and dared any one to substantiate, or even repeat the accusation. Careless of their resentment, and heedless of their defiance, I now thus publicly accuse them of most wanton, scandalous, and infamous calumny, directed against a man, whose exemplary conduct and extensive knowledge have long ago obtained for him, and to this moment secured to him the respect and esteem of all who have any knowledge of his habits and qualifications. I mean the Vice-Principal of St. Edmund Hall, Oxford. Perhaps the conductors of the Review will seek

to shield themselves behind the plea, that the article which contained the defamation, was furnished by a correspondent; to whose veracity and integrity they trusted, and thereby were misled. If this is urged in palliation, I shall repel it as utterly insufficient.

This apology does by no means exonerate them from the guilt of this transaction; for, in such a case, the want of *caution* is criminal: and, if we give them credit for their assertion, that they really were the dupes of deception and credulity, it will remain for us to exercise our indignant admiration, on discovering how grossly the *folly* of one man may be imposed upon by the *villainy* of another.

There is a circumstance relating to this matter which is highly worthy of attention; as it sets in a very strong and clear light the *impartiality*, *candor*, and *honesty* of these Reviewers. The letter which contained the virulent defamation of the Vice-Principal was *speedily* inserted. But a letter, which was sent to them in vindication of him, was kept back *three or four months*. I forbear to comment on this circumstance. Common sense will teach us the interpretation of this symptom; and common honesty will dispose us to detect it.

That



That the worthy and learned Vice-Principal has not brought the publisher of this infamous calumny before a court of judicature, is, doubtless, to be attributed to that generosity and amiability, which, though they could not protect him from slander, incline him heroically to forgive it. I confess, while I admire his forbearance, I lament, that through his exercise of it, an assassin escapes with impunity.

Of the unfair and ungenerous attacks which the Anti-Jacobin Reviewers, under the *mask* of loyalty, have made upon several of the firmest friends of their country, and the most useful members of society, I shall not at present condescend to take notice. To follow them in their career of malignant criticism, in search of any recompence to our toil, would be to wade through a slough, in pursuit of an ignis fatuus. I shall therefore only remark, that these critics, by the scope which they have given to their feelings of envy, jealousy, and party-spirit, have excited such disgust in the minds of the sober and rational part of mankind, that their interest as publishers, and their credit as writers, have sustained an irreparable injury. It is really curious to observe, with how much justness and congruity the practice of certain vices is accompanied with such a degree

degree of infatuation, as leads the offender blindly to become the unconscious instrument of his own retribution.\*

I believe every intelligent reader of the Review under consideration, has met with frequent occasion to admire the arrogance and temerity with which the writers of it have stepped beyond their province, and soared above their sphere. In no instances has this indiscreet vanity displayed itself more openly and grossly than in their reviews of works on theological subjects. On these occasions they have committed blunders, from which a knowledge of their catechism might have preserved them; and hazarded assertions which any parish clerk could disprove. Whatever may be their knowledge of Belles Lettres and politics, (and I believe it is very moderate) they are certainly and ostensibly disqualified to discuss subjects of Divinity: and when we see them labouring to explain what they have never comprehended, and to decide on points which they have not the skill to argue, we lament their dereliction of the homely, but salutary maxim, "Sutor ne ultra crepidam."

\* Εἰκὸς γὰρ ἐγχεῖν καὶ πράττειν κακῶς.

SOPHOCLES ELECTRA, l. 1032.

When

When we find writers dogmatical on difficult subjects, it affords more than a presumption, that they are, at least, ignorant, in the same degree as they are positive.\* Illustrations of this circumstance may be obtained at wholesale from the Anti-Jacobin Review. It is to be wished that Critics were men of *tolerable* reading. We should not then hear one pronouncing the maintainers of the necessary connexion between faith and good works, “concealed Calvinists;” for the Critic would *then* know, that this connexion was inculcated and demonstrated by the learned *Arminian* Doctor Isaac Barrow.—Neither should we hear another Critic insinuating, that the maintenance of the above-mentioned doctrine, was a ground for impeaching the attachment of the holder of it to the established church: for the critic, *if he had read as he ought*, would have known that the excellent Hooker explicitly and repeatedly asserted this doctrine.—Neither should we find another Critic calling certain doctrines the produce and characteristic of a new “School:” for, if he had been at all acquainted with the works of Andrews, Hopkins, Beveridge, Charnock, or their contemporaries; he

\* Πλείστον πιστεύοντες πλείστον καὶ σφαλίσσομεν.

THUCYDIDES.

would have known, that the present supporters of these doctrines received them from a "School" of no small *antiquity*, and very great respectability: to which "School" I am anxious to send the Anti-Jacobin Reviewers, that they may become acquainted with some of the first rudiments of Divinity. I hope this hint will not be thrown away upon them; and I will promise them, by way of encouragement, that if they improve by my advice, I will, one day or other, favour them with some more of it.

It was with feelings more than usually indignant, that I lately read the name of Archdeacon Paley, in one of the pages of the Anti-Jacobin Review, accompanied with epithets, as inapplicable to his *literary* character, as any that could possibly have been invented. Whoever was the writer of that article in the Review, he stands convicted, on the internal evidence of his own language and style, of insufferable presumption, in attempting to give an estimate of Archdeacon Paley's abilities: and while, in the vanity of his mind, he thus dares to depreciate talents, which set at nought his puny comprehension; he can only be compared to a pigmy, scanning the dimensions of a Colossus. Altho' I utterly abjure some of Dr. Paley's opinions; I must assert the general soundness of his under-



understanding, and the perspicuity of his language: and *my own head* must suffer some considerable derangement, before I can join this pertinacious critic in impeaching the “clearness” of the *Archdeacon’s*.—The *Horæ Paulinæ* of this writer, is a work that entitles him to the hearty thanks and high esteem of every student in Theology—O si sic omnia!—but I forbear.—Let us “be candid where we can”—I am afraid the Anti-Jacobin Reviewers find that to be *no where*.

But it is almost time for me to have done with these Gentlemen——. A longer discussion would only be warranted by a better subject.—Yet I must add, that in common with many others, I feel an anxious concern for the reformation of our literary journals. The British Critic is indeed admirably conducted, on sound principles, and with real ability. The contributors to it have manifested themselves useful friends and maintainers of the cause of impartial criticism, genuine loyalty, and true religion. In this honourable exertion I should rejoice to see them supported by some ally that possessed the inclination and ability to second their endeavours.

The Anti-Jacobin Reviewers, it is true, *professed* to support the same cause with them; but,

but, either through insincerity, or imbecillity, they have miserably betrayed it.\* They have relinquished the character of the public guardians of literature and morality, in order to assume the office of *trumpeters*† to a few objects of their private and personal attachment;

\* Such conduct is admirably characterized by Sophocles:

Ἡ δὲ δὴν ἐν λίγυσαν ἱξάμαρταται.

ELECTRA, l. 1045.

Κομπῆν δ' εἰς ἀτιλὴν σὺν ψεύδεσσιν αἰσχρὸν ὄνειδος.

PHILOCTETES, l. 863.

† If I could have found a word equally expressive of my sentiments, I would have substituted it in the place of the one which I have here used, lest the *delicate perceptions* of the Reviewers, in question, should be offended.—Among the subjects of their “foolish fondness” we find the Reverend and voluminous author, to whom the letter prefixed to these remarks is addressed; and had it not been for their soothing condolence and vindication, I know not how he would have survived his expulsion from the literary club at Exeter.—But he is not the only object of their passionate admiration. A very respectable Clergyman of Bath has of late become a dangerous rival to the Vicar of Manaccan. His works have been brought before us every month, during the last half year, with such prolixity of remark, quotation, and panegyric, that those that liked his writings best, now almost sicken at their titles. I really feel for this gentleman. He has enough solid merit of his own, on which to build a very honorable literary reputation: and if I can at all estimate his feelings, from what I know of his character; I am sure, he must be highly offended with the Anti-Jacobin Reviewers, for their outrageous prostitution of applause; and also apprehensive, that the world will conclude, that where such an *excess* of critical decoration is heaped upon an author, there is some defect or deformity that requires concealment. I doubt not, that this gentleman will write (if he has not already written) to the conductors of the Review, to intreat them not to encumber him any more with their preposterous plaudits.

and

and of *defamers* of the many objects of their personal envy and private dislike. The open and daring hostility which has long been exercised by the Critical, Monthly, and Analytical Reviewers, against all that is honest, honourable, or valuable to man, increases our regret, that any of those who profess to counteract their iniquity, should mistake the means, and want the ability, to effect so needful and desirable an achievement. I have now stated a few plain observations, on a subject of public concern. As I have grounded my remarks on facts, which are incontestible, and admit of easy reference, I feel no apprehension of an impeachment of their validity. If the Anti-Jacobin Reviewers are wise, they will be silent. They cannot disprove my assertions: they dare not defy a scrutiny:—It is true, they may compliment me with abuse; which it is consistent with their habits and principles to employ; and which it is in unison with my temper and practice to despise. In truth, they have reason to be obliged to me. I have disclosed to them some circumstances to which their vanity may hitherto have blinded them: and I have given them a few hints, which, if adopted, may enable them, in some measure, to elevate their fallen character. In devoting  
my

my time to the exposure of their errors, I have entitled myself to their hearty acknowledgments: and if there should be any one among them who understands Latin, I hope he will prepare for insertion in the next number of the Review, an Alcaic Ode, in celebration of my condescension.

Ῥάδιον εὖ λέγουσι τοῖς φίλοις τιμὰς νέμειν.

UNUS SOLUS.



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